THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 3, 1803.

REMARKS *on the* TARANTULA.

[From Stolberg's Travels through Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Sicily.]

I Have been able to obtain no ſatisfactory account of that kind of venomous ſpider, which, after this town [Taranto], has been called tarantula. It has been aſſerted of the tarantula, that its venomous bite inſpires a deep melancholy, which frequently ends in death, and can only be cured by violent dancing. Neither will the ſick perſon dance till the muſician has happened upon the air that pleaſes him, and the ſame air will not produce the ſame effect on all patients.

The reaſons which have long been alleged, in oppoſition to this ſtory, appear to me very ſtrong, if not unanſwerable. It is firſt ſtated, that the ancients ſay nothing of this dance; and next this practice is confined to Puglia, although the tarantula is likewiſe found in Sicily, at Rome, at Tivoli, and in many parts of Italy, as well as in Puglia. If the heat of Puglia render the bite of the tarantula particularly dangerous, muſt not the heat of the ſouth of Sicily do the ſame? Why ſhould the bite be ſo dangerous at Tarento, where the air is ſo mild? Ought we not to aſcribe the danger, and the effect produced by dancing, to the lively imagination of the Tarentines, or rather of the Tarentine women.

In the third place, the bite is ſaid only to be dangerous in the hot months; though I hear theſe dancers are exhibited for money at the beginning of May. To this it may be anſwered, that having been cured by dancing, whenever they hear the ſame muſic played again, the livelineſs of their imagination once more makes them begin to dance with violence, and even with

convulſions. But is it not highly probable that there is often knavery at the bottom?

Beſides, the imagination, to which we are indebted for ſo much good and evil, acting upon the inhabitants of Italy, over whom it is ſo powerful, may here double its effects. The perſuaſion that the bite of the tarantula excites melancholy may, in thoſe who have been bitten, be actually productive of melancholy; and the perſuaſion likewiſe, that dancing will cure them, may as readily excite them to dance, and as effectually afford them relief.

I have ſeen a living tarantula. It was grey on the back, and white on the belly, with clear brown ſpots. It had not attained its full growth. In the middle of ſummer it is as large as the largeſt ſpiders. At this time the back becomes black, and even the ſpots on the belly of the ſame colour.

Names of the Supreme Being, in various Languages.

MR. EDITOR, *Rouen, 24 Brumaire, Nov. 15, 1802.*

AMONG the eccentricities of French polemics, we have a recent publication of a ſingular kind: it conſiſts of an engraving, with a motto, and a liſt of the names aſcribed to the Supreme Being in the various languages of the habitable world. The deſign is, a perſonification of the Moſt High God, in a human form, not very unlike the ſmall figure in alto relievo in one of the chapels at your Cambridge univerſity. I confeſs, whenever they are introduced, I do not approve of theſe abſurd and familiar repreſentations of that ethereal, omnipreſent Being, "whom no eye hath ſeen, or can ſee."

The uſeful part is the catalogue. Every perſon acquainted with the mere outlines of theological controverſy is aware how many diſputes have been occaſioned by inaccuracies of the linguiſt. The name of God thus detailed in the numerous languages from which the learned artiſt has ſelected his materials, will convince the atheiſt that there is no ſect or people from the banks of the Yang-tſe to the ſhores of the Potomack, which does not acknowledge an over-ruling power. It will give the pious theiſt the pureſt ſatisfaction in the contemplation of his fellow-beings of every region uniting to raiſe the column of adoration to the ſame univerſal parent, in the ſentiment of your ſublime poet:

"Father of all! in every age,
"In every clime ador'd,
"By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
"Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!"

"Le

" Le nom du Seigneur eſt ſaint, & mérite d'être loué, depuis l'orient juſqu'à l'occident."

Hebrew, Elohim, or Eloah.
Chaldean, Elah.
Aſſyrian, Ellah.
Syriac and Turkiſh, Alah.
Malay, Alla.
Hieroglyphic, △ +.
Language of the Magi, Orſi.
Iriſh, Die.
Olala, Deu.
Greek, Theos.
Cretan Thios.
Eolian, Sios.
Dorian, Idem.
Latin, Deus.
Low Latin, Diex.
Celtic, and old Gaulic, Diu.
French, Dieu.
Italian, Dio.
Spaniſh, Dios.
Portugueſe, Deos.
Ancient German, Diet.
Provencal, Diou.
Low Breton, Doué.
Daniſh and Swediſh, Gut.
Norwegian, Gud.
German and Swiſs, Gott.
Flemiſh, Goed.
Dutch, Godt.
Engliſh, God.
Ancient Saxon, Idem.
Teutonic, Goth.
Ancient Egyptian, Teut.
Modern ditto, Tenu.
American, Teuti.
Sclavonian, Buch.
Poliſh, Bog.
Laplandiſh, Jubmal.
Finlandiſh, Jumala.
Runic and Ancient Daniſh, As.
Pannonian, Iſtu.
Zemblian, Fetizo.
Indian, Ram.
Coromandel, Brama.
Tartarian, Natagai.
Perſian, Sire.
Chineſe, Puſſa.
Japaneſe, Joozié, Goezar.
Madagaſcar, Zanhare,
Peruvian, Pachacamac.

THEODOSIUS.

PRESENT STATE *of* PRUSSIA.

THE ſubjects of Pruſſia are now enjoying the fruits of the neutrality of their government. For this happy poſition, they are indebted to the wiſdom and moderation of a monarch, who, although in the vigour of age, fond of a military life, and ſkilled in military tactics, has preferred the good of his people, to the renown of victory, and the acquiſition of dominion. In the Pruſſian territories, we hear of no increaſe of taxes, no complaints of oppreſſion.

All who have viſited Berlin know the ſimplicity of manners and amiable private life of the reigning king of Pruſſia, as well as of his illuſtrious conſort. Having given no cauſe of offence to his ſubjects, and not wiſhing to dazzle them by pomp or ſhew, he often rides through the capital with a ſingle ſervant only, and ſometimes even wholly unattended. The queen poſſeſſes, together with the amiable qualities of her ſpouſe, the beauty

which gives influence, and the affability which gives ornament, to her ſex. She ſeeks in the domeſtic affections the valuable and laſting pleaſures of life.

If it be conſidered how much in monarchies the perſonal character of the ſovereign influences the happineſs of the ſubject, the foregoing obſervations will not be deemed a digreſſion. A mild, economical, and paternal adminiſtration may be expected from a king, of whom traits like thoſe we ſhall now relate can be frequently repeated. During his recent journey to Memel, Frederick William met an officer, who threw himſelf on his knees, ſupplicating permiſſion to marry, and declaring that the woman he loved had not the fortune preſcribed by the regulations. His majeſty ſaid, he could not grant a permiſſion contrary to the laws. The officer ſtill perſiſted, adding, that the woman he loved was with child, and that he could not in honour abandon her. The king, upon this, deſired him to wait until he ſhould make farther enquiries; and ſome days afterwards made him a preſent of the ſum required by the regulations, wiſhing him every happineſs in the married ſtate. Other anecdotes ſhew the king of Pruſſia as a man of elevated underſtanding, as well as a good heart. Fichte, the philoſopher, having been perſecuted at Jena, under the imputation of atheiſm, ſought refuge, along with another unfortunate philoſopher under a ſimilar perſecution, in Berlin. Some pious inhabitants of that city took alarm, and repreſented to the king of Pruſſia the danger of permitting thoſe declared enemies of God to remain in the city. "My friend (ſaid he) we may confidently leave to God Almighty the taſk of vanquiſhing theſe two antagoniſts."

In the Pruſſian dominions, lotteries, that bane to the already moſt unfortunate portion of the community, have been ſuppreſſed. Inſtitutions ſo evidently pernicious to public morals, that ſcarcely any ſpecies of neceſſity can juſtify them, are, in ſome countries, reputed, civilized, uſed as ſources of public revenue. In England they are highly injurious to public morals; but in France and Denmark, and, we believe, in ſome other ſtates on the continent of Europe, they are conducted on principles ſtill more extenſively baneful. What would the people of America or of Switzerland ſay to the propoſition of eſtabliſhing national lotteries among them?—of ſanctioning gambling by the forms of law?

Pruſſia is about to receive a conſiderable augmentation of territory and population; by the ſyſtem of indemnities not being yet definitively adjuſted, it would be premature to make them the ſubject of ſpecification. With reſpect to this country, we have, at preſent, only to add, that, although we do not, with Pope, annex little importance to forms of government, yet, in this and ſeveral other inſtances, we find reaſon to conclude, that

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the principal requiſite for aſſuring public felicity is a wiſe adminiſtration.

Correſpondence between Sir Francis Burdett and Dr. Parr.

I Am ſorry that it is not in my power to place you in a ſituation which would become you—I mean in the epiſcopal palace at Bugden: but I can bring you very near to it, for I have the preſentation to a rectory now vacant, within a mile and a half of it, which is very much at Dr. Parr's ſervice—it is the rectory of Graffham, at preſent worth two hundred pounds a year, and, as I am informed, may ſoon be worth two hundred and ſeventy; and I at this moment learn that the incumbent died laſt Tueſday.

Dr. Parr's talents and character might well entitle him to better patronage than this, from thoſe who know how to eſtimate his merits; but I acknowledge that a great additional motive with me to the offer I now make him, is, that I believe I cannot do any thing more pleaſing to his friends, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Knight; and I deſire you, Sir, to conſider yourſelf obliged to them only.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
With the greateſt reſpect,
Your obedient ſervant,
FRANCIS BURDETT.

Vicarage-houſe, Bugden, September 26, 1802.

DEAR SIR,

AFTER rambling to various parts of Norfolk, I went to Cambridge, and from Cambridge I yeſterday came to the parſonage of my moſt reſpectable friend, Mr. Maltby, at Bugden, where I this morning had the honour of receiving your letter. Mrs. Parr opened it laſt Friday at Hatton, and I truſt that you will pardon the liberty ſhe took in deſiring your ſervant to convey it to me in Huntingdonſhire, where ſhe knew that I ſhould be, as upon this day.

Permit me, dear Sir, to requeſt that you would accept the warmeſt and moſt ſincere thanks of my heart for this unſolicited, but moſt honourable expreſſion of your good will towards me. Nothing can be more important to my worldly intereſt than the ſervice you have done me, in preſenting to me the living of Graffham. Nothing can be more exquiſitely gratifying to my very beſt feelings than the language in which you have conveyed to me this mark of your friendſhip. Indeed, dear Sir, you have enabled me to paſs the years of declining life in comfortable and honourable independence.—You have given me additional and unalterable conviction, that the firmneſs with which

I have

I have adhered to my principles has obtained for me the approbation of wiſe and good men; and when that approbation aſſumes, as it now does, the form of protection, I fairly confeſs to you, that the patronage of Sir Francis Burdett has a right to be ranked among the proudeſt, as well as the happieſt events of my life. I truſt that my future conduct will juſtify you in the diſintereſted and generous gift which you have beſtowed upon me: and ſure I am that my friends Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Knight, will not only ſhare with me in my joy, but ſympathize with me in thoſe ſentiments of reſpect and gratitude which I ſhall ever feel towards Sir Francis Burdett.

Moſt aſſuredly I ſhall myſelf ſet a higher value upon your kindneſs, when I conſider it as intended to gratify the friendly feelings of theſe excellent men, as well as to promote my own perſonal happineſs.

I ſhall wait your pleaſure about the preſentation: and I beg leave to add, that I ſhall ſtay at Bugden for one week only, and ſhall have reached Hatton about this day fortnight, where I ſhall obey your commands. One circumſtance, I am ſure, will give you great ſatisfaction, and therefore I ſhall beg leave to ſtate it. The living of Graffham will be of infinite value to me, becauſe it is tenable with a rectory I now have in Northamptonſhire: and happy I am that my future reſidence will be fixed and my exiſtence cloſed upon that ſpot where Sir Francis Burdett has given me the power of ſpending my old age with comforts and conveniencies, quite equal to the extent of my fondeſt wiſhes, and far ſurpaſſing any expectations I have hitherto ventured to indulge.

I have the honour to be,
With the greateſt reſpect,
And moſt unfeigned thankfulneſs,
Dear Sir,
Your very obedient faithful ſervant,
S. PARR.

PAMROSE; *or, the* PALACE *and the* COT.

(Continued from Page 507 of our laſt Volume.)

ABOUT this time, it happened that the Prince Royal of ***, travelling on his way into Pruſſia, ſtayed ſome days at Amelia's court, during which ſeveral very pleaſant parties were given; and, among the reſt, the Baron de Sargans was deſirous of having one. He ſpoke to Amelia reſpecting Pamroſe; obſerving that he conceived ſhe might, with propriety, be invited to a private perſon's houſe, notwithſtanding the ball was to be honoured with the preſence of princes. The princeſs

readily acquieſced; and Pamroſe could not but feel conſiderable pleaſure in the thought of making her appearance at a brilliant aſſembly, in the ſuite of her auguſt beneſactreſs. Pamroſe was now ſeventeen; and, till then, had been brought up in retirement and ſimplicity. No emotion of vanity had yet invaded her young heart: but when, a little before the ball was to take place, Amelia ſent her, one morning, a gown of white ſatin and crape, with a border of wild-roſes, ſhe was taken by ſurprize; and immediately fitting on this beautiful dreſs, examined herſelf in the glaſs, and thought ſhe then ſaw herſelf for the firſt time. It was the firſt time ſhe had ever, even in thought, compared herſelf to the young perſons of her acquaintance; and it always happens that, whenever any female indulges in ſuch compariſon, it is uniformly to her own advantage. After this examination her firſt idea was—"How I wiſh that William could ſee me in this fine dreſs!" and the next was fixed on the approaching ball. Pamroſe, contrary to her uſual cuſtom, could not employ herſelf for the reſt of the day; ſhe was at once, reſtleſs and thoughtful. It was Saturday, and ſhe wrote to her father to inform him that ſhe could not poſſibly be at the cottage that day: but, without knowing why, ſhe never mentioned the party ſhe was engaged to. She did not, however, forget to deſire him, by all means, to ſend Anna and William, the next afternoon, to the palace: adding alſo, that if William did not come, ſhe ſhould poſitively be very angry with him!

The next day, after dinner, Pamroſe ſat down to her toilet: and, when ſhe was dreſſed, ſent away her maid, and, ſeating herſelf in an arm chair, took up a book. Every minute ſhe looked at her watch, expecting William, and thinking of the ball. In this confuſion of ideas ſome extraordinary preſentiment, which poſſeſſed her mind, took away from it every wiſh for William's arrival, and even filled her boſom with fear at the thought of his coming. Every ſucceeding moment, every recurring reflection, increaſed this dread to ſo great a degree, that her agitation became unſupportable; and ſhe roſe to go to Amelia, in order to get rid of her own thoughts, though it was ſome time before the hour appointed for Williams arrival. At the very inſtant, when ſhe was looking for her gloves and fan, ſhe heard his voice. She trembled; bluſhed; and her heart beat ſo violently as almoſt to ſtop her breath. The door opened, and William, with his ſiſter, entered the room. At the ſight of Pamroſe, beauteous as an angel, and attired in ſo ſplendid a dreſs, an exclamation of mingled aſtoniſhment and admiration broke from Anna's lips: but William, his colour forſaking his cheeks, ſtopped ſhort at the door; and, ſupporting himſelf on the back of a chair, exclaimed—"Ah, Pamroſe!" He ſpoke this with a tone of plaintive reproach, of which Pamroſe fully underſtood the meaning. Her eyes met William's, and in them ſhe read his ſoul: when,

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falling back into her ſeat, ſhe burſt into a flood of tears. Anna, diſtreſſed at this ſcene, wept, without comprehending it. She was altogether at a loſs to account for the conſternation of her brother, and for the tears of Pamroſe. The former, at laſt, encouraged by the ſympathy which the latter evinced, moved towards her—" Dear Pamroſe," ſaid he, " you now ſee the reaſon why, for a long time, I have been unwilling to come hither. A palace is not the place where I wiſh to ſee you, and it wounds my heart to behold you in this ſplendid garb: for here I do not ſee Pamroſe: here William is not her brother."

" O yes, he is, and ſhall be, always, my brother!" cried Pamroſe, interrupting him. " O, William!" ſhe went on, " a childiſh vanity has rendered me inattentive to that delicacy of ſentiment which is due to thoſe we love! I was anxious that you ſhould ſee me in this dreſs, and now I deſpiſe it. O how cordially do I now deteſt its finery! I will go inſtaantly, and tear it off me; and will ſtay at home, with you and Anna." Juſt as ſhe pronounced theſe words, a meſſage was brought her to ſay, that Amelia waited for her. William intreated Pamroſe to go immediately to the princeſs; but Pamroſe, agitated and unhappy, heſitated. William and his ſiſter left her: and then, ſhe attended Amelia's ſummons.

It was with much ſincerity, that Pamroſe was deſirous of ſtaying away from the ball: ſtill, however, it was neceſſary to attend Amelia, who immediately remarked the melancholy imprinted on her countenance, but ſuppoſed it to ariſe from the timidity which, as ſhe conceived, the idea of making her firſt appearance, in ſo brilliant a party, muſt naturally occaſion. The princeſs having viewed Pamroſe, with all the ſatisfaction of a good mother, ſent for the Baroneſs De Klakenberg: who attended, with her daughter, a young woman of eighteen, the very counterpart of her mother; and, of courſe, vain, inſipid, contemptuous, and very impertinent. The baroneſs, who knew nothing of Pamroſe's invitation to the ball, expreſſed much ſurpriſe, at ſeeing her dreſſed, and with the princeſs. " How!" cried ſhe, " Does Miſs *Herman* attend your highneſs?"—" Yes, Madam," replied Amelia; " do you not think her dreſſed well enough?"—" Certainly, the dreſs is ſuperb."—" Superb! no; but it becomes her: don't you think ſo?"—But is not the young lady ſomewhat aſtoniſhed at feeling herſelf in it?"—" O dear, no! not in the leaſt: for matters of ſuch empty import can aſtoniſh none but fools! But the Baron De Sargans waits for us; let us go." Saying which Amelia went out of the room: and the baroneſs, quite furious, followed her; ſaying, to her daughter—" Follow me, my dear!" As much as to ſay—" Take care Herman's daughter does not precede you!" Miſs Klakenberg ſhared in all the lofty indignation of her noble mother, and darted after her with the utmoſt precipitation, el-

bowing the humble Pamrose with the greatest rudeness. She, however, had too much good sense to think of disputing with her the frivolous claim to precedency. In the coach Miss Klakenberg, who was seated on the front seat with Pamrose, took her seat in such a manner as to ruffle, as much as possible, the elegant dress which she so much envied. But little was said on the road. The baroness was incensed, and her daughter was not less provoked. The princess, in spite of her good-nature, was much hurt at their behaviour, and took no pains to conceal her displeasure. Pamrose, disconcerted and confused, preserved a mournful silence. When they arrived at the baron's house, all eyes were directed towards Pamrose. She eclipsed the whole room; no one else was thought off. The Prince Royal De *** went down three dances with her; and quitted the ball, without so much as once troubling his head whether, or not, there existed such a young women as Miss Klakenberg, of the most ancient, most illustrious family, in all Germany! Amidst all these triumphs, the innocent, the modest, the timid Pamrose, conducted herself to admiration. It is true, that the thought of William preserved her from the attacks of vanity. Sad and discontented within herself, she reproached herself with going to the ball; and was much absorbed in thought during the time she was at it. Envy, herself, could not find any thing to blame in her; but malevolence exerted all her engines against her.

Amelia's eldest son, Prince Frederick—who, after the example of his father, framed all his opinions on those of other people—was greatly struck with the enthusiastic praises which all the men lavished on Pamrose. Till then, he had never honoured her with a thought. He had, hitherto, only regarded her as a very reserved young woman, which was a sort of behaviour that by no means agreed with his notions; and he had all along thought, with the ladies about court, that Pamrose was a young woman of very moderate figure, and no extraordinary understanding: but when he heard the eulogiums that were heaped on her by the men, his ideas underwent a compleat change. He persuaded himself, all at once, that he was deeply in love with her; and the next day confided this important secret to his intimate friend, the Baron De Klakenberg, son of the baroness. This young man was twenty-eight years old: and, having imbibed all the philosophic principles of Voltaire, and Diderot, conceived himself to be a deep thinker, because he put in practice all the impious and debauched maxims of the philosophers whom he so much admired. He retained all the pride of a German noble; but had expiated the folly of this prejudice, by renouncing, with the greatest firmness, and for ever, all the Gothic principles of morality. Highly flattered by the confidence of the hereditary prince, and delighted at the thought of an intrigue being carried on in the palace, above all other

places; the baron confirmed the prince in the idea, that he really had conceived a violent, and of courſe an unconquerable paſſion: at the ſame time, eaſily perſuading him, that he ought not to feel the ſmalleſt ſcruple in taking every ſtep in his power to ſeduce a young woman under his mother's protection, and brought up by her! Nay he went ſo far as to aſſert, that the princeſs, in her heart, would be very well ſatisfied with his paſſion for this little girl; becauſe ſuch an attachment would withdraw him from that licentious courſe of life which ſhe greatly diſapproved of. The prince, thus inſtructed, wrote a letter to Pamroſe, dictated by the baron, in which he made a declaration of his love. This letter he put into his pocket, in order to watch an opportunity of delivering it himſelf Two days after this conſultation with his confident, the prince ordered to be led out two very fine horſes, and a very elegant carriage, which he had deſired one of his equerries to purchaſe for him. It was juſt the time when the court uſually went out to take the air, that this brilliant equipage drove up to the great court of the palace. The prince was told, that the horſes were not yet quite uſed to the carriage: but he piqued himſelf on being an excellent driver; and conceived the deſign of prevailing on his mother, and Pamroſe, to take a ride with him. For this purpoſe, he went to the dreſſing-room of the princeſs, where he was certain of finding her with Pamroſe. He preſſed them to go down, and look at his horſes and carriage; and to take a ride in it, to try them. Amelia, at firſt, refuſed; but, at length, yielded to his preſſing intreaties, on condition that he would not go beyond the Rock of Hoſpitality.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of KING's BENCH.

A new Partner not liable to the Debts of the former Partnerſhip.

THIS was an action upon the caſe upon a bill of exchange for 78l. dated the 5th of November, 1796, payable to the order of the plaintiffs two months after date, which was ſtated in the declaration to have been drawn by them on Meſſrs. G. Biſhop, W. Robſon, and J. Wilks, by the name and deſcription of Meſſrs. George Biſhop and Company, and to have been accepted by them. The defendant Wilks pleaded the general iſſue, on which iſſue was joined.

The ſame cauſe came on to be tried before Lord Kenyon at Guildhall, on the 5th of June laſt, when the jury found a verdict for the plaintiffs for 90l. 10s. including intereſt on the bill;

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ſubject to the opinion of this court on the queſtion, whether the plaintiffs were entitled to recover under the circumſtances of the caſe?

The plaintiffs in October, 1795, ſold and delivered a quantity of porter to Biſhop and Wilks, who were then partners, which porter was entered in the plaintiffs' books in the names of Wilks and Biſhop; and the ſame was afterwards ſhipped for the Weſt Indies, and the defendant Wilks paid the ſhipping charges. Robſon became a partner with Biſhop and Wilks in April, 1796, and continued ſo till the 8th of November following, when their partnerſhip was diſſolved. The defendant Wilks, previous to the diſſolution of the partnerſhip, ſent to the plaintiffs a memorandum or calculation in his own hand-writing of certain deductions claimed by him in reſpect of the porter. The balance due to the plaintiffs in reſpect of the porter was 78l. for which the plaintiffs drew upon the defendants the bill mentioned in the declaration, which bill was accepted by Biſhop in the partnerſhip firm of all the defendants, by his ſubſcribing thereon "Accepted, G. B. and Co."

Lord Kenyon, Chief Juſtice.—"I do not know how this caſe came to be reſerved for the opinion of the court; for I have decided the ſame queſtion repeatedly at the ſittings, and the propriety of my deciſion has never been canvaſſed again upon a motion for a new trial. This is an action brought againſt three perſons, Wilks, Biſhop, and Robſon, as acceptors of a bill of exchange. It appears that the acceptance was in fact made by Biſhop alone in the name of the firm. The conſideration for this bill was ſome porter which had been ſold by the plaintiffs to Wilks and Biſhop only, at a time when Robſon had no concern with the houſe. Then the plaintiffs, knowing this, draw the bill upon all the three partners, and knowingly take an acceptance from one of them to bind the other two, one of whom, Robſon, had no concern with the matter, and was no debtor of their's; no aſſent of his being found, and nothing ſtated to ſhew that he had any knowledge of the tranſaction. It is hard enough for one partner in any caſe to be able to bind another without his knowledge or conſent; but it would be carrying the liability of partners for each other's acts to a moſt unjuſt extent, if we ſuffered a new partner to be bound in this manner for an old debt incurred by other perſons. The plaintiffs therefore ought not in juſtice to have taken this ſecurity, by which they were to bind one who was not their debtor: the tranſaction is fraudulent upon the face of it. It is no anſwer to ſay that one partner has a general power of binding the reſt. So an executor has power to bind the aſſets of his teſtator, and to ſell and diſpoſe of his effects; and the law repoſes a confidence in him that he will apply the proceeds in payment of the teſtator's debts and legacies: but if fraud could be proved in any parti-

cular tranſaction between the executor and a purchaſer, ſuch a ſale would be void. In the caſe of Worſley v. De Mattos *, Lord Mansfield, in delivering the opinion of the court, ſays, that " valid tranſactions as between the parties may be fraudulent by reaſon of covin, colluſion, or confederacy, to injure a third perſon :" and he inſtances, " if a man, knowing that a creditor has obtained a judgment againſt his debtor, buy the debtor's goods for a full price, to enable him to defeat the creditor's execution, it is fraudulent. Again, if a man, knowing that an executor is waſting and turning the teſtator's eſtate into money, the more eaſily to run away with it, buy from the executor with that view, though for a full price, it is fraudulent." The ſame doctrine was recognized by Lord Hardwicke in Mead v. Lord Orrery; and again by Lord Mansfield in Whale v. Booth, cited in the notes of the report of Farr v. Newman; and alſo in the caſe of Elliot v. Merryman, and in other caſes. And nothing can be better eſtabliſhed as a general rule than that the law will ſet aſide every contract which is fraudulent. Such is the caſe here. Wilks and Biſhop owed money to the plaintiffs; theſe latter, knowing that Robſon had no concern with the matter, fraudulently receive from Wilks and Biſhop a ſecurity by which Robſon is to be bound: this, therefore, cannot be enforced in this action.—Poſtea to the defendant."

By this deciſion it is laid down, that two (of three) partners, who had contracted a debt prior to the admiſſion of the third partner into the firm, cannot bind him without his aſſent by accepting a bill drawn by the creditor upon the firm in their joint names; but ſuch ſecurity is fraudulent and void as againſt the third partner, and cannot be recovered in an action againſt the three, wherein one only of the original partners pleaded to the action.

1 Burr. 474, 5.

Celebration of the Anniverſary of the Birth of Mahomet.

[From Kendal's Tranſlation of Denon's Travels.]

THE anniverſary of the birth of Mohammed arrived. The French remarked that no preparations were made for celebrating this the moſt ſolemn feſtival of the hegirian year. Toward evening, General Menou ſent for the mufti, both whoſe dignities and whoſe emoluments had been increaſed by the arrival of the army. It was found that this man had ſeized the opportunity of repreſenting the French to the people as averſe to the ceremonies of religion, inſinuating that they had forbidden the rejoicings of the day. On his being deſired to proclaim them immediately, he ſaid the time was now too ſhort for the preparations;

preparations; but being anſwered in the oriental ſtyle, that if the time was too ſhort to make preparations, it was yet long enough to put the mufti in irons, the feſtival was proclaimed within a quarter of an hour, the town was illuminated, and the ſongs of devotion were united with thoſe of joy and gratitude.

After ſupper, the French were invited to the reſidence of the principal civil magiſtrate whom they found in the complete apparel of a Turkiſh feſtival. The ſtreet was the aſſembly room, which admitted of being lengthened or contracted according to the number of aſſiſtants. An alcove, covered with carpets, was occupied by perſons of diſtinction. Bonfires, with little lamps, and large torches, compoſed an illumination. On one ſide was warlike muſic, produced by ſmall, ſhort, and ſhrill hautboys, ſmall kettle-drums, and large albaneſe tambourines; on the other, ſingers and violins, and in the midſt, Grecian dancers, and waiters with ſweetmeats, coffee, ſyrups, roſe-water, and pipes.

As ſoon as the French were ſeated, the warlike muſic commenced. A ſort of coryphæus, or leader of the band, ſung two words, which the chorus repeated in uniſon; but, whether it was the fault of the movement itſelf, or of the manner of performing it, the ſecond meaſure immediately became a cacophony, as diſagreeable to European ears as it was enchanting to Arabian. It was remarkable, that the coryphæus, with the energy and enthuſiaſm of an improviſator, repeatedly took up again the ſame notes; and, when his nerves ſeemed no longer able to ſuſtain the fire he wiſhed to diſplay, the chorus came to his aſſiſtance, and always with the ſame diſſonance: the violins, with more harmony then played the burdens, in which a little melody was loſt amidſt ſuperfluous ornament; and now the naſal voice of the inſpired ſinger returned to increaſe the faſtidious effeminacy of the ſemitones of the violin, which, conſtantly avoiding the key of the tune, went into the tenor, and always ended with the treble, in the manner of the ſeguidillas of the Spaniards: a circumſtance which proves that the ſtay of the Arabs in Spain naturalized this ſpecies of muſic in that country: after the couplet, the violin reſumed the ſame time, with new variations, which the ſinger again diſguiſed by an affected movement, ſo as wholly to loſe it, and run into a mere delirium of expreſſion, deſtitute of principle and meaſure: but by this very means, he raviſhed his auditors, and at every return, wound up their ecſtaſy to a higher pitch.

Sketch of the Life of Clovis, the Founder of the Monarchy of France.

BONAPARTE is not the firſt maſter of France who has aſſumed the title of conſul.—Clovis, the founder of the monarchy,

monarchy, did the ſame thing in the year 509 of the Chriſtian æra, that is, very nearly 1300 years ago. A ſhort ſketch of the life and atchievements of that ancient conſul may, perhaps, not be unacceptable to thoſe who are enamoured with the glory of the preſent ruler of the Gauls.

After the Roman empire in the weſt fell in 476, a portion of Gaul ſtill remained ſubject to a Roman of the name of Sijarius. This Roman was attacked and defeated, and taken priſoner by Clovis, who, after ordering his head to be cut off, reduced his territories to complete ſubjection in the year 487.

Clovis had been educated a pagan, and continued in that perſuaſion till the age of thirty. He, nevertheleſs, permitted his ſubjects to enjoy entire liberty of conſcience. Having married Clotilda, daughter of the duke of Burgundy, who, being a zealous Chriſtian, uſed every endeavour to convert him to her faith, though long without effect; till at length, being in a perilous ſituation, in a day of battle, he invoked the god of his wife Clotilda, and, after the victory, became a convert to her religion.

Although he did not amend his conduct towards his ſubjects after his converſion, Clovis made the new religion ſubſervient to his ambitious views. Some of the neighbouring nations he united, by profeſſing religion, and flattering the clergy; others he ſubjected by force, and by theſe means became maſter of the greateſt portion of the country which now goes by the name of France.

When this great point was once accompliſhed, he aſſembled a powerful army in order to attack the Viſi-Goths, who poſſeſſed very conſiderable territories on both ſides of the Pyrenean mountains. Before he ſet out on this ſcheme of conqueſt, he addreſſed his nobles, aſſembled in the city of Paris, to the following purport:—

"It is with concern," ſaid the newly converted but religious monarch, "that I ſuffer the arians to poſſeſs that fertile part of Gaul; let us, with the aid of God, march againſt them, and, having conquered them, annex their dominion to our own."

Alaric, the king of the Viſi-Goths, a young and brave, but a raſh general, was ſlain by Clovis in perſon, in a great battle, when his troops were completely routed and diſperſed. Victory ſucceeded to victory, till Theodoric, the king of the Oſtro Goths, who had overturned the dominion of Odoacer in Italy, marched againſt him with a great army, and defeated the French with the loſs of thirty thouſand men.

In the year 509, Clovis aſſumed the title of Roman conſul, by which means his influence increaſed in Italy, and he was then ſuppoſed to be inveſted with a juſt title to all his conqueſts, in whatever manner they had been acquired. The man, who bore the ſame honourable title with the former maſters of the world,

appeared thereby to acquire a right to conquer what he could, and to keep whatever he conquered! He was ſolemnly inveſted with the new dignity in the cathedral church of St. Martin's, in the city of Tours, clothed in the purple tunic and mantle, and decorated with the inſignia appropriated to his new ſituation.

The conſul then proceeded to augment his power by the murder of the princes of the Merovingian race. Sigibert, king of Cologne, together with his ſon, were the firſt to fall; Caravic, another prince, the extent and ſituation of whoſe dominions are not well known. Ranacaire, who governed the dioceſe of Cambray, and Renoman, king of Maine, ſoon after ſhared a ſimilar fate! but his good fortune and indulgences to the clergy expiated every iniquity.

Conſul Clovis died in the third year of his conſulſhip, that is, in 511, after having made the ſalic law, by which females have ever ſince been reſtrained from ſitting on the throne of France. He was buried in the old church of St. Genevieve, where his tomb is ſtill to be ſeen.

After his death, his dominions were divided between his four ſons, and the cities of Paris, Soiſſons, Orleans, and Metz, became the capitals of four different kingdoms, which were afterwards united into one, after much bloodſhed, in the year 560, under Clotairt, who became ſole king of France, &c.

Deſcription of Pyrites of the Form of Fiſhes.

PYRITES are ſtony ſubſtances, conſiſting of an inflammable mixture of the ore of iron or copper, with ſulphur and earth in a lapideous aggregation. The moſt remarkable forms, perhaps, in which this body was ever ſeen, have occurred to obſervation at the village of Menat, near Riom, in that which was formerly named the province of Auvergne, but forms now the departments of Puy-de-Dome, Cantal, and in part that of the High-Loire, in France. In a conſiderable chaſm, along the bottom of which runs a ſmall ſtream, there is a ſtratum of Tripoline earth of ſeveral varieties of colour, as white, grey, red, or black. Interperſed among the black Tripoline earth, occurs occaſionally a good deal of copper pyrites of a bright golden yellow colour. The depth of the chaſm varies. And where this is the greateſt, larger quantities of the pyrites are diſcovered to the ſight. Theſe pyrites are by the action of the water in many places diſſolved: and, in conſequence of their diſſolution, the copper is thrown upon the Tripoline earth, which it tinges of a fine azure colour. The ſulphur entering into new combinations, produces among the foliated ſtratifications of the ſchiſti, a variety of moſt beautiful cryſtallizations, ſome of which exhibit divergent and tranſparent radiations, like the ſun emitting his beams. In the black Tri-

poline

poline earth are likewiſe found maſſes of the ſame pyritous matter in the form of loaves of bread. Theſe when broken exhibit within pyritical forms of fiſhes, ſome of them even ſo large as to weigh twenty-five pounds. Every part is frequently perfect in theſe mineral fiſhes; the head, the vertebra, the gills, and fins. Veins of copper ore often run through their ſubſtance, tinging it of a bright golden yellow colour. The proportion of ſulphur is ſometimes ſo large that theſe bodies efflorefce and decay upon expoſure to the open air.

Lizards, frogs, and oyſters of the ſame matter, have been likewiſe found in the ſame place.

On the SCARCITY *of* ORIGINALS.

AN original enters early on reputation; fame, fond of new glories, ſounds her trumpet in triumph at its birth; and yet how few are awakened by it into the noble ambition of like attempts! Ambition is ſometimes no vice in life, it is always a virtue in compoſition. High in the towering Alps is the fountain of the Po; high in fame and in antiquity is the fountain of an imitator's undertaking: but the river, and the imitation, humbly creep along the vale. So few are our originals, that, if all other books were to be burnt, the lettered world would reſemble ſome metropolis in flames, where a few incombuſtible buildings (a fortreſs, temple, or tower) lift their heads in melancholy grandeur, amid the mighty ruin! Compared with this conflagration, old Omar lighted up but a ſmall bonfire when he heated the baths of the barbarians, for eight months together, with the famed Alexandrian library's ineſtimable ſpoils, that no profane book might obſtruct the triumphant progreſs of his holy Alcoran round the globe.

AN ANECDOTE.

IT is related of Franciſco Francia, a Bologneſe painter, who lived in the time of Raphael, that he was extremely anxious to ſee a picture painted by that celebrated painter; but being prevented by his great age from travelling to Rome, he entered into a correſpondence with Raphael on the ſubject. The latter in the mean time finiſhed his celebrated picture of St. Cecilia, which he deſtined for the church of Bologna, and ſent it to Francia, with a requeſt that he would find a place for it, and correct its errors. Francia, tranſported with joy at receiving a work of Raphael, haſtened to examine it; but he had no ſooner looked at it than immediately diſcovering the vaſt diſtance between his talents and thoſe of Raphael, he fell into a profound melancholy, and died of grief at the idea of having laboured ſo long only to become a painter of mediocrity.

BONIFACE BIT.

A London traveller, calling at a little inn, on a croſs country road, the landlord of which, a true Boniface, was very tenacious of the character of his home-brewed ale, after ſipping the beverage, begged to have it warmed. "Warm my ale!" cries Boniface: "curſe that *ſtomach*, which won't *warm the ale*, I ſay!"—"And," cries the traveller, "curſe that *ale*, which won't *warm the ſtomach*, ſay I!"

Account of the Patent of Meſſrs. Henry Penneck and Robert Dunkin's (of Penzance) for Methods of improving the ſailing and navigating certain Ships.

SEVERAL improvements in the methods of navigating veſſels are mentioned in the ſpecification. The action of the ſquare-ſails is increaſed by forming the leeches of ſuch convexity, that the bolt ropes may not be drawn tighter than neceſſary to preſerve the ſail, and to allow it to produce the required effect. Two new and improved fore and aft ſails are next deſcribed, which may be readily managed without dipping. Beſides full directions for the conſtruction and management of theſe and other ſails deſcribed, with their various tackle, &c.

We have in the ſame ſpecification a claim for a new invented compaſs, called a tranſparent or luminous compaſs, whoſe inner box, or ring, as it has no bottom, is balanced round the lower circumference, acroſs which are fixed wires that ſupport the pedeſtal. The card is painted on both ſides: its letters and points, as well as a point for the ſhip's head, are rendered tranſparent; a mirror is placed below it, which turns on a hinge by night, and the lamp light is admitted either below or above the card, according as it is deſirable to ſteer, by the ſimple or reflected tranſparency; in the former caſe, the mirror is turned to throw the light on the card, and the eye admitted above: in the latter, the mirror is turned to meet the eye, which is admitted below. The light is of courſe admitted or excluded by the proper application of ſhutters, and by raiſing or lowering the lamp. It may be likewiſe uſed as a common compaſs.

Obſervations by the patentees.—It muſt be remarked that although, on the common compaſſes, black and white are ſtrongly defined, yet no little difficulty, at night, often occurs, in readily aſcertaining the exact point which muſt yield to the ſuperior contraſt of light and darkneſs; and when its capability of being elevated to meet the eye, and its emitting leſs light on the ſails in chaſe, or when purſued, are thrown into the ſcale, it is fairly imagined conſiderable advantages will be found in its uſe.

Anſwer, by J. Lewis, of Poole, to J. Whittle's Rebus, inſerted November 8.

THE Trojan prince you had in fight,
Is THOAS, Sir, if I am right.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. B. Bloomfield, and T. Adey, of Poole.

Anſwer, by H. Humphreys, of Exeter, to Recluſe's Rebus, inſerted November 15.

MOSS! gallant man! by emulation fir'd,
Near Copenhagen nobly he expir'd.

Anſwer, by Thomas Boult, of Exeter, to Priſcilla's Rebus, inſerted November 15.

IF I judge right your rebus will diſcover,
DIANA, the name of which you are a lover.

*** We have received the like anſwer from Pentreath; H. Humphreys, of Exeter; J. Whittle, of Upway; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; and J. Lewis, of Poole.

An ANAGRAM, *by W. Mann, of Aſhburton.*

TRANSPOSE a tree, you'll then explain
What nouriſhes the ſame I ween.

A REBUS, *by Robert Maſſett, of Saltaſh.*

WITS, for my firſt a fictious being view;
To ſolve my next a proverb you'll conſtrue;
A tax reveals my next explicitly;
A writing on a tomb-ſtone next apply;
The ſenſe of feeling laſtly I demand:
Then what I am you'll clearly underſtand.

An ENIGMA, *by J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter.*

ONCE more, dread critics, at your bar appears,
A youth ſurrounded by his hopes and fears;
Waiting on tiptoe the determin'd cauſe,
Fearing contempt, yet hoping your applauſe.
I to no human genius owe my birth,
Nor ſtand indebted to the ſons of earth;
I daily on their wand'ring ſteps attend,
And act the part of a ſagacious friend;
Without my aid e'en muſic's powerful charm,
Whoſe ſwelling ſounds can fury's rage diſarm,
Sweet friendſhip's dictates, whoſe ſeraphic power
Strengthens the ſoul in ſtern affliction's hour,
Could boaſt no influence o'er the human heart,
Nor ſolace to the woe-worn mind impart.

☞ *The Verſes on the Fall of Man are altogether unequal to the ſubject.*
*** *Several other articles are omitted on account of their inaccuracy.*

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

ORLANDO *to* OCTAVIA.

WHEN avarice enſlaves the mind,
And ſordid paſſions warm the breaſt,
Man then throws off the human kind,
Degenerates beyond the beaſt.

Such is the tyranny of vice,
That parents oft their offspring rend;
Become the ſlaves of avarice,
And from their hearts all nature rend.

And thou, Octavia! blooming maid!
The victim of a father's will,
(Whoſe ſoul by avarice is ſway'd)
Art doom'd his promiſe to fulfil.

Ugly as Vulcan* is his ſhape,
His mind as black as Pluto's realm;
This is thy parent's choſen ape,
Whoſe riches only are their helm.

Is he illiterate? The loſs
Of education is thought nought,
So that his purſe is ſtor'd with droſs;
'Tis with its curs'd contents thou'rt bought.

O! that Orlando ne'er had ſeen
Thy graceful form, thy pleaſing veſt;
Then had his noble heart not been
A ſtranger to repoſe, to reſt.

But ſince we own a mutual flame,
Attend, ye fates, to what I ſwear!
That by the river's ſacred name†
I marry will no other fair.

Orlando is not void of pride,
He has a firm but tender heart;
Yet would not ſeek thee for his bride,
Tho' 'twould arreſt, O death! thy dart.

O ſweet and lovely innocence!
Fear not, diſdain thy father's threat;
He has a heart with cold intenſe,
Which no paternal feeling heats.

Should Windham, ſtruggling ſtill for war,
At laſt the hard-fought conteſt gain;
Then would I join Bellona's car,
Fight, and be number'd with the ſlain.

Should Albion's ſhores again reſound,
And martial muſic ſtun the ear,
Then would my heart dilate and bound;
Orlando's ſoul knows nought of fear.

He'll count the bullets as they fly,
When fighting in the diſtant eaſt;
Orlando's not afraid to die,
Or be where half-ſtarv'd ravens feaſt.

He'll give his fiery ſteed the rein,
And foremoſt to the charge he'll be;
He'll bare his breaſt, he minds not pain;
And dead—forget himſelf and thee.

O! my Octavia, do not ſtart!
Nor let it give thee ought of pain,
If the beloved of thy heart,
Is rank'd among the ſlain!

St. I——, Dec. 2, 1802. MARS.

* The pantheon deſcribes Vulcan as very deformed.

† Alluding to the river Styx, by which the Etos were wont to ſwear, and which oath, having ſworn, they never violated.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

Inſtructions, addreſſed to thoſe who may have Occaſion to Croſs the Severn, between England and Wales, at the New Paſſage.

POOR wand'ring man! oft doom'd to ſtray
Beyond his knowledge of the way;
And new to ſcenes, that round him riſe,
Of local knaves becomes the prize;
Who wear the face that anſwers beſt,
To rob the ſtranger when diſtreſs'd;
And can it be, O Albion fair!
Such monſters breathe thy gen'rous air?
Yes, it can be! and ſuch are theſe
Where Severn woos the weſtern ſeas;
And Glo'ſter, with her muddy tide,
Does from the Monmouth ſhore divide;
On either bank, in gaudy white,
A tavern ſtands, expos'd to ſight,

Open

Open to all; but hard his caſe,
Whom hunger drives to either place;
If ſcant his caſh, beſt to forbear,
To ſleep, or eat, or ſhelter there;
And ſhould the ſouth, or weſtern gales,
Blow up the ſtream, and fill the ſails,
An hour after—but 'tis wiſe
If north or eaſt the winds ariſe,
Three hours ere the height of tide
To reach the ſwelling water's ſide;
And if a carriage, horſe, or als,
In the large boat you wiſh to paſs,
Get them on board, and with them ſtay,
Whatever bluſt'ring boatmen ſay;
Who, with their owners, are combin'd
To miſinform, or leave behind,
And thence compel you to lay down,
For the ſmall boat, an extra crown;
And to theſe ſons of Charon give,
Unearn'd reward, by which they live;
But ſhould you prudently refuſe
To act juſt as the brawlers chuſe,
Oaths and blaſphemy ſhock your ear,
Each boatman does a brute appear:
A brute, more furious than the train,
That prowl the wood," or hunt the
" plain,"
Untaught by reaſon's lucid ray,
On helpleſs victims, theſe may prey;
But man ſhould nobly ſtill diſdain,
The ſavage bear or tiger's claim,
And let the chearleſs ſtranger find
He's not " a monſter to his kind."

Swanſea, Nov. 22, 1802. A. O.

The KING, *the* SHEPHERD, *and the* HERMIT.

[A Fable from the French of Ségur.]

A King, to wakefulneſs a prey,
'Tis call'd the ſickneſs of a throne)
Hunting, in all his pomp, one day,
Saw, not unenvied, ſtretch'd alone,
A ſimple ſhepherd found at reſt,
Beneath a warbling throſtle's neſt;
A hermit paſſed that moment by,
The monarch greets him with a
ſigh.

The reverend father, bent with age,
Now claim'd, and then receiv'd re-
ſpect,
His heart was pure, his maxims ſage,
His ſermons ſuch as none neglect,
Such in our days as few will preach,
He by example knew to teach.

And holy man, (the monarch ſaid,)
Tell, for thou canſt, from whence it
ſprings,
Why he who lives to want betray'd,
Expos'd to labour's ceaſeleſs ſtings,
Sleeps with a reſt unknown to kings?
Great fire, the penſive hermit cry'd,
Content and labour are ally'd;
This ſhepherd keeps no world in
awe,
He ſigns no ſentence, frames no law;
No wild ambition haunts his breaſt,
On his own head his errors reſt;
Nor other ills to him ariſe,
But game laws, or a new exciſe:
For Heaven, all bounteous from our
birth,
Dealt equal good and ill on earth;
You born to govern—he to labour's
woes,
You feel remorſe, and he enjoys
repoſe.
But, Sire, to eaſe their endleſs pain,
Let thoſe who rule us, better reign,
Princes, 'tis ſaid, in days of yore,
Rais'd worth and truth alone;
And on their couch to ſleep the
more,
Slept leſs upon their throne.

In lofty accents ſpoke the ſage,
The monarch's boſom ſwell'd with
rage;
And, having puniſh'd him, 'tis ſaid
He ſlept—no better in his bed.

S——E.

JEU D'ESPRIT,

Conveyed into a Lady's Work-drawer with a ſealed Paper, containing a Lace Veil, a Preſent from the Writer.

IF you, dear girl, are not quite free
From female curioſity,
Touch not this paper, or beware
Leſt you're entangled in a ſnare.
Perhaps your future plan in life
Is, one day, to become a wife:
If ſo, be cautious, nor diſcover
That which muſt hide you from a lover;
For, when you once have broke the ſeal,
Too ſure you then—*muſt take the veil.*

The WISH.

I'VE often wiſh'd to have a friend,
With whom my choiceſt hours to
ſpend,
To whom I ſafely might impart
Each wiſh and weakneſs of my heart;
Who might in ev'ry ſorrow cheer,
And mingle with my grief a tear;
For whom alone I'd wiſh to be,
And who would only live for me;
And, to ſecure my bliſs for life,
I'd with that friend to be—a wife.